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# The Infinite Thought

and

## Other Poems

*By*

*Elizabeth Mountcastle Johnson*



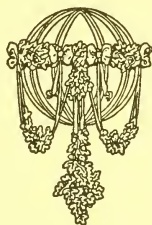


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# The Infinite Thought and Other Poems

By ELIZABETH MOUNTCASTLE JOHNSON



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DEDICATED  
TO  
MY LIFE LONG PAL  
ROSE EDWARDS MABLE



## ROSE

No matter the distance  
That lies between,  
As night brings each day to a close,  
A little thought message  
Is wafted to me  
From "Rose."

A message of love  
Thru miles of space,  
On wings of the wind it goes,  
And brings me encouragement  
In all I do, this message  
From "Rose."

When sorrow and trials  
And troubles come,  
Who is it that knows  
Just how to comfort,  
Help and cheer?  
Why, "Rose."

When joy and sunshine  
Light my way,  
Who is it that knows  
Just how to join  
In the song of the day?  
Just "Rose."

It has ever been thus  
Between we two,  
And will while life's river flows.  
And on thru time  
My comfort I'll find  
In "Rose."

If the earth were peopled  
With Souls like hers,  
In this life that comes and goes,  
What a wonderful place in which to live,  
If there were only more  
Like "Rose."

## MY DAILY PRAYER

*Infinite Thought protect me!  
Hold me each day in Thy love!  
May I trust in Thy power,  
And leave all thought of tomorrow  
In Thy hands.  
To keep Thy law for today,  
And all my days to come,  
Living each one  
As if I were to pass on the next;  
And yet living each one  
As if I had centuries before me;  
Keep each hour full of kindness  
For the weaker ones!  
Keep each week full of cheer,  
Help, trust and love  
Three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.*





## THE INFINITE THOUGHT



## THE INFINITE THOUGHT

They all filed by  
In a long, long line  
Down the aisle, thru space  
And on into time.

Some were my own friends,  
Tried and true;  
Some were my Father's friends,  
Old ones and new.

Some were relatives  
Who, long ago  
Began the journey  
To a higher plane,  
Who were now passing before me  
In a long row,  
Chanting a sweet  
And soft refrain.

Some strewed roses  
And lilies fair,  
And some brought violets  
For the thoughts up there;  
And some gave a kiss  
So soft on my brow,  
Methinks I can feel  
The joy of it now.

One was a little girl  
In the long row,  
Who said that I helped her,  
Once, years ago.

Next was a man  
Whom I never knew,  
Who said I had helped him  
With a prayer so true  
Prayed at the Mission,  
Many years now past ;  
But, the help of the prayer  
Is the thought that will last.

Then next was a man  
Who wanted to say,  
My music at the Mission  
Had shown him the way.

Then a friend, who said,  
My smiles and cheer  
Had given him strength  
When he was here.

Then a dear old lady,  
Who was kind and true,  
Who on Christmas I had given  
A remembrance to.

And a man who sat  
In my Bible class  
Said, I helped him find God,  
As he filed past.

Then I tried to recall  
The girl to my mind  
Who told me I taught her  
How to be kind.

Then a neighbor came next  
Who had lately passed on :  
Said my laugh and cheer  
Gave him heart for a song.

Then a little girl  
Who's eyes were so blue,  
Said I helped her  
To make a dream come true,  
By teaching her music,  
To help her play,  
And being kind to her "Daddy"  
After she went away.

Then came a friend  
Who remembered the day,  
That I helped her Doctor  
When others ran away :  
And she thanks me again  
For making the dress  
They put on her case  
When they laid her to rest.

Then a friend of my Mother's  
Who always spreads cheer,  
Said I helped her children  
Whom she had to leave here.

Then a dear old man  
In whose home I had spent  
Many happy hours,

Quite content,  
Wanted to give me  
His blessings today  
For the joy and sunshine  
I had brought his way.

Then the Aunt who thanked me  
For favors I'd shown  
To her orphaned children,  
Left all alone.

Then a boy friend from home,  
Who passed long ago,  
Came to tell me the most wonderful  
Things that I know;  
Of how good thoughts  
Would free souls in distress  
And give them joy,  
And peace and rest.

Then somebody's Father  
Came a long ways from home  
To give me his blessings  
Wherever I roam;  
And out of all the friends,  
Who came today,  
His love and his blessings  
I'll remember always.

There were friends of my childhood,  
Both young and old,  
All happy to tell me  
Of the song in their soul.

And the dear old Preacher  
Who was Father's friend,  
Said, if I needed him  
I was only to send,  
And he'd come to me here  
Across many a mile  
To the end of the world  
For his friend's child.

Now these are a part  
Of the Infinite Thought,  
And they teach you to see  
How good deeds are wrought;  
How each tiny act  
Always returns home  
And rewards the giver:  
But not that alone,  
For, see how they spread,  
And the joy they give.  
From the old to the young,  
They help them to live.

And even in space  
They remember how true,  
Each small act of kindness  
Helps carry them through;  
And they go on and on  
Till the circle they'll span,  
And return once again  
To this, or some land,  
Where life will continue,  
And thoughts grow strong,  
And the progress of souls  
Will blot out all wrong.

So go, Infinite Thought—  
Spread the truth far and wide.  
And my help I'll give you,  
For you protect and guide  
My footsteps for ever,  
While the circle I make  
For your love and blessings,  
Are all mine to take.

And the long line of friends,  
Who have soared above,  
Will greet me and hold me  
In the strong arms of love.  
The assurance is given  
That this life never ends;  
Neither love nor kindness  
Is lost on the winds.

It spins round and round;  
Thru Eternity it goes.  
Good thoughts will help  
To conquer your foes;  
And love will live always  
And help you to give  
Cheer and comfort  
To friends while you live.



## MOTHER OF MINE

I have looked all about me,  
To try and find  
Another dear face  
Like Mother of Mine.

But nothing so sweet,  
So good and true;  
Nothing I find,  
Dear Mother, like you.

I have looked all about me,  
To try and hear  
Another Voice one half so dear:  
I have tried to feel safe  
From care and harms,  
But no shelter equals  
The fold of your arms.

No song so sweet  
As your Voice could sing  
When a little child,  
My cradle you'd swing;  
No eyes so shining  
As when you would rest  
Your sleeping child  
Held close to your breast.

And so, little Mother,  
To you I will say:

You are leading us upward  
In thoughts today ;  
Away from this earth  
So full of care,—  
I know you will find us  
A home up there.

And then when our work  
On earth is done,  
We will join you  
In your wonderful home :  
And the Infinite Thought  
Who works for the best  
Will, in Thought, let me pillow  
My head on your breast,

Till Time has had  
Its work fulfilled,  
And I have had  
Earth Thought removed.  
Then Mother of Mine,  
Our Teacher you'll be  
In the Infinite Thought School.

So I'll patiently wait  
Till the time shall be  
To give me my home,  
In space with thee,—  
So we wait the summons  
To come up above :  
To dwell with you  
In peace and love.

## IF

If life was full of gladsome days  
That flowed by like a song,  
And all our thoughts were good and pure,  
And things were never wrong;

And patience had her perfect work,  
An idle brain no rest:  
And every one in the Universe  
Helped to work for the best;

And if every face wore a happy smile,  
And every eye was bright—  
And every thought was a thought of love,  
There never would be night.

So I think that the Infinite Thought  
Just knew how lonely I'd feel  
If they gave me no one to whom I might serve,  
Nor a broken heart to heal.

So they gave me troubles a plenty,  
And heart aches not a few;  
But they gave me the strength and courage  
To help carry them thru.

So I will run my little life  
To the tune of faith and love,  
'Till I am safe with the Infinite Thought  
In space up above.

## LITTLE SISTER

Little sister, staunch and true,  
Helping me in all I do ;

Tell me, from your home on high,  
Who's so happy as you and I ?

We'll stand by each other  
In all we do—  
While you talk to me  
And I talk to you.

When things all seem wrong,  
Don't know what to do,  
Then 'tis your little whisper,  
Be true, be true !

So here's to little sister,  
Staunch and true,  
Helping me  
In all I do.

## NATURE'S VOICE

There are days  
When everything seems to go wrong;  
When the heart within refuses a song;  
When none whom you meet  
Seems to have a smile,  
And not even the laugh of a happy child  
Will help or cheer in your lonely way,  
And you sigh and sigh the livelong day.

Then there are days  
That seem just right.  
The flowers bloom, the sun shines bright,  
And every face wears a happy smile.  
And the laugh of each little child  
Fills your heart with love.  
Ah! the joy they can give,  
Then all your being thinks  
How good to live.

And all the world  
Looks good and true.  
Then the wonderful mountains  
Can talk to you,  
And the ocean is calm  
Like a silver lake,  
And all the world bids you  
Rejoice for His sake.

While o'er the white foam  
Of the ocean breast,

When the day's work is over,  
And the Sun starts to rest,  
You can stand and watch  
Till the last tiny ray  
Drops into the water  
At the close of day.

If for only once  
You watch the Sun seek repose  
As you stand beside the sea,  
Then everything is made worth while  
When nature can speak to thee.

## THE PRICELESS TREASURE

Some men think they know what it means  
To be poor without any gold :  
But it isn't the man with the empty purse,  
But the man with the empty soul.

Now most men build their little life  
Within a wall of dollars so high,  
They do not see the needy ones  
As they go passing by.

Their only thought in life is gold,  
And if pity be found in their heart  
It is only the pity (that of the rich for the poor),  
With never a Thought apart—  
That perhaps after all  
The poor man can say,  
His blessings are many  
And come every day.

So you'll find in life  
As the years go by,  
That riches are things  
Sent down from on high.  
And the man who receives them  
More often you'll find,  
Is the man without gold,  
But with a heart good and kind,—

Who has paid his Karma,  
And kept the law;  
And his store house of riches  
Is full to the door.  
And yet there are those  
Who will say, he is poor.

Ah! pity the man  
With his high wall of gold,  
And no room for love  
In his lonely soul.

He grows weary with the world  
And all mankind;  
Passes on into space,  
But he leaves behind  
His bag of gold, and joins the throng  
Who must atone for every wrong.

So stop and think what poverty means:  
It's an empty soul within,  
Who is without love and sympathy  
And doesn't know how to begin  
To build a wall of loving thoughts  
In place of the dollars so high:  
Then he could see and help  
As the long line goes by.



## VIOLETS

Violets for Thought,  
Pansies for love.  
Lillies so stately and tall,  
Lilacs for poise.  
Both purple and white,  
But I love Violets best of all.

For when I look  
In their dear little face,  
And remember the work they do—  
How they send out Thoughts  
Both to rich and poor,  
The Thoughts for good deeds true.

Their sweet perfume  
Soothes the heart to rest  
After the day's work is won,  
And the weary soul  
Can sing a song  
When the work of life is done.

And as Thoughts are things,  
And as Violets are Thoughts,  
And blue stands for truth and love,  
Then the blue Violet  
Always takes my Thoughts  
To the Infinite Thought above.

## A THOUGHT

We spend our life  
In a careless way ;  
With never a thought  
Of what we say.  
We talk of friends  
Old and new,  
And tell all the things  
We "hear" they do.

Of how each one  
In their own way  
Came to think thoughts  
Of a world today  
That is not made  
Up in the sky,  
But here on earth,  
And they wonder why.

Such thoughts had not  
Come to them before.  
When that very thought  
Had knocked at each door  
And tried to come in  
And show them the way.  
But the fear  
Of what their friends might say  
Made them bar the door,  
And the thought went away.

And now those same ones  
Are trying to say,  
That fear and sin  
Fill the world today—  
When there is no such thing  
As fear and sin,  
Only as comes  
From the thought within.

Some try to believe  
There's a God on a Throne  
Somewhere in Heaven.  
They say,  
But if heaven  
Is within the heart,  
Then God is with you  
Each day.

So unbar the door,  
Let the Thought come in—  
Love thy neighbor as thyself,  
Is a good way to begin.

Then other thoughts will follow,  
For each one calls for more.  
Ere long you'll find your store house  
Crowded to the door.  
Then you'll find no thought  
Of fear and sin,  
For God and Heaven  
Will dwell within.

## MY BOY

As Christmas draws near,  
There's a world of cheer  
In the memories of long ago,  
When a dear little boy  
Filled my heart with joy,  
As each Christmas would come and go.

For Santa Claus old  
Would come thru the hole  
In the chimney, big and wide,  
The stocking to fill:  
And a tree to build  
And a hobby horse by its side.

And long before day  
He'd call Mother to play,  
And "Daddy, come quick, make a light."  
He'd call Granny to see  
What a wonderful tree  
Old Santa had left in the night.

Ah! those were the days,  
Just wonderful days,  
Days that seem just right.  
And now I can say  
(As mothers have a way)  
He's a wonderful man tonight.

And as Christmas draws near,  
I need feel no fear,  
For his thoughts are strong and true;  
And the babyland days,  
And the little boy ways  
Are things he used to do.

They are treasures I hold  
Close to my soul,  
As he grows so big and strong.  
For the Infinite Thought  
Their protection will give,  
And nothing can go wrong.

So dear little boy,  
My heart fills with joy  
The same as in days of old.  
And so to me  
Each day I can see  
The growth of your beautiful soul.

Tonight I see  
In the future for me,  
The teachings so wonderfully true:  
That thoughts good and kind  
Forever will bind  
Your little boy close to you.

So Mothers, I say  
In love today,  
Hold your little boys close to your heart,  
And when you grow old  
Their love you can hold,  
And from you they never will part.

If he make a mistake,  
Just for his sake,  
Hold him closer and closer to you,  
For he is still your boy,  
Your own little boy,  
So long as your heart holds true.

For my heart knows tonight  
That I have done right  
To stand by my boy all along.  
And I'm happy to say  
That the thought holds today,  
And my soul is filled with a song.

So here's to my boy,  
My wonderful boy,  
Whose thoughts are so kind and so true.  
Let your good thoughts flow on  
While I sing my song,  
There was never a boy like you.

THE MAN WHO DARED





## THE MAN WHO DARED

Once there lived a man  
On this fair earth below,  
Who dared to think for himself,  
And dared to tell you so.  
He was good at heart,  
Nor thought a wrong;  
His motto was love  
For the weak and strong.

He strove to make  
The world so fair,  
A better place  
For his having lived there.  
He fought in battles,  
Brave and strong.  
Never fearing the right,  
Always fighting the wrong.

And they said to me,  
(As they have a way)—  
He is a dangerous man  
In the world today:  
We better show him  
That he must stay  
In his own little corner,  
Far out of the way.

For humanity must never  
Be permitted to see  
That this man is wise,

As wise can be ;  
He dares to say  
To all who may hear,  
That thoughts are things  
Which reach far and near.

And that all things are yours,  
If you will them to be.  
For the thought was first ;  
Then, "I WILL," you see,  
Makes the thought come true ;  
Then the power to will  
Is given to all  
In the place they fill.

But the world never knows  
Until we pass on,  
How to value a man  
So good and strong.  
But the thoughts that he left  
Are with them today,  
Spreading far and wide,  
And you'll hear them say :

"What a wonderful man ;  
This man who dared  
To think for himself,  
And never cared  
Who censured or reprov'd,  
His thoughts so strong,  
He stood for the right  
And fought against wrong.

“His courage was beautiful  
For all to behold;  
And a lesson we learn  
From this man so bold,  
Is to be sure you are right :  
Take your stand, good and strong ;  
Hold on to the right  
And forget the wrong.”

So I say, “truth and courage”  
To the world he taught,  
For now he has joined  
The Infinite Thought.

And when you praise  
This man today,  
Don't think that he  
Is so far away.  
He hears and sees  
All that you do.  
And now he knows  
What he gave to you  
Was the courage to stand  
For the thought so true.

So to you who still dwell  
On this fair earth below,  
Be careful of your thoughts.  
They are the seed you sow :  
And the time will come  
When all must pay,  
For the seed they have sown  
On earth today.

So send out good thoughts  
Of cheer and love,  
And reap your reward  
In the land above.

For the time never comes  
When a thought stands still.  
It goes on and on  
To the tune of "I Will."

It completes the circle  
And comes back again:  
And continues to chant  
The same refrain.

Life never ends:  
Neither thoughts good and true;  
And somewhere in life  
They'll come back to you.  
It may be here,  
It may be there:  
But your thoughts will return,  
No matter where.  
The life within you  
Finds them today,  
Here on this fair earth  
Or in space far away.  
They are the same thoughts  
You sent forth on their way.  
So be careful of the thought seed  
You are sowing today.

Now this man who had courage  
To will and to do,

In the years he spent  
    On earth with you,  
Is reaping a harvest  
    Of deeds brave and strong.  
He stood for the right  
    And fought against wrong.

## THE GREAT COMMAND

When the Pharisees heard how the Saducese  
Had questioned the Nazarene,  
They called together their lawyers and wise men  
To perplex this man so serene.  
For He had put the Saducese to silence :  
The Herodians had slipped away  
To render unto Caesar  
The things that were Caesar's,  
According to the inscriptions they say.

So the Pharisees, their lawyer and wise men  
Pondered carefully as to how they might find  
Some way to accuse this God man,  
This man with a heart so kind.  
Methinks I can see this council  
Suggesting the things they might do,  
Caring naught for the hurt  
They might give,  
And wounding a heart so true.

The wisest of all was the spokesman,  
And careful to omit any flaw,  
Decided to propound a question  
Concerning the law.  
So vain-glorious and self-efficient  
Was the true Pharisees' way.  
(Some of these still dwell  
On our fair earth today.)

Oh, Master, from out of the law  
Please tell us, we pray,

Which is the greatest commandment?  
Then paused, waiting for Him to say:  
"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God  
With all thy heart and mind."  
This, I say, is the first great command:  
The second is like unto it, you will find,  
"Love thy neighbor as thyself,  
And unto all be kind."

On these two commandments  
Hang all the law.  
So spread love o'er all the land.  
For when you love God with all thy mind,  
You and your neighbor  
Walk hand in hand.

So the Pharisees bowed their heads  
And slowly walked away.  
Neither the wise ones or the lawyers  
Had anything more to say.  
And from that day forth  
Did another man  
Ask Him even one question more.  
So He departed from the Temple,  
Leaving them to think it o'er.

The Pharisees are still with us today,  
The wise man, the lawyers bold:  
Still asking questions, trying to confuse  
The story the Nazarene told.  
Beware of these Pharisees  
Who send up their prayers  
In public, where all can see;  
Trust them not in word or deed,  
They are not what they seem to be.

## SUCCESS

Another year has passed on  
Into time :  
Days and weeks, that to me  
Were kind.  
Each of us lives this life—  
No two, the same way—  
And yet, there are those  
Who say,  
“’Tis a long way.”

To me each day is full  
Of cheer ;  
Full of work and service  
To those here  
Who need a word of kindness  
And love.  
Who never heard of the  
Thought above,  
The Infinite Love.

Days pass into weeks and months,  
And ere long  
Another year has passed  
And gone—  
And soon old age  
Finds each one,  
And sings a song  
“That Life is done,  
And rest will come.”



Ah! No; remember that life  
Is never done.  
Life is eternal and continues  
Like the sun.  
It turns in a circle,  
Never still—  
Chanting over and over  
“I will, I will”!  
Till we are filled  
With power to think, to do  
And to know  
Life is just what we make it  
While here below.  
And when things go wrong,  
Clouds hang lower—  
We at once place our failure  
At another's door.  
“Think it o'er”!

Be brave, fight your battles  
All alone!  
'Tis you, not another  
Must atone.  
This life is only given to you  
For a time.  
Teach it faith and love,  
And to be kind,  
And you'll find  
Faith, love and kindness  
Each day  
Continue to lead you  
In the way  
Where gloom, despair and failure  
Are not known.

And joy, peace and success  
Are your own—  
Then you have attone!

So as years pass on into time,  
I say to you—  
Let your thoughts in life  
Be true.  
And at the close of another year  
You can say—  
I have overcome all trials  
That came my way,  
And success is mine today.

## KNOW THYSELF

Know thyself, was a command  
From high forces above—  
For to know Thyself  
Is to know those all around you  
And to have compassion and love.

For to know is wisdom,  
And wisdom is to understand ;  
And when we know  
The trials and sorrows  
Of our fellow man,  
We spread the mantle of charity  
Over all his acts.  
Charity suffereth long and is kind—  
And some day we find  
Faith, hope and love  
Traveling hand in hand  
All thru space,  
And over this fair land.

So when Forces gave command  
To know Thyself,  
It was to help the wide world over  
To get wisdom and to understand.

Far away at Delphi  
Stands a Temple  
With many gates—  
And, on a lofty Tripod,

The "Pythis" waits  
To receive divine inspiration.  
And among the inscriptions  
You find carved on the smooth wall,  
That—to Know Thyself—  
Was even then a command  
Given to all.

On the Eastern side of the Temple  
May be seen,  
While you wait,  
Apollo and the Muses,  
And carved over the gate  
Is the command  
To Know Thyself and understand.

Life's problems are many—  
Then obey high Forces command:  
Know Thyself as man to man,  
And understand!

## AN EYE FOR AN EYE

An eye for an eye,  
A tooth for a tooth,  
Was not a thought  
From our God above :  
For our God of the earth,  
And the God of all,  
Is a God of Infinite Love.

An eye for an eye,  
A tooth for a tooth,  
Is not the teaching  
Of kindness and cheer.  
And our God of the earth,  
And the God of all,  
Never meant us to live by it, here.

An eye for an eye,  
A tooth for a tooth,  
Best to let  
Such a thought depart,  
For our God of the earth,  
The God of all  
Is a God with a loving heart !

An eye for an eye,  
A tooth for a tooth,  
Is not His daily creed,  
For our God of the earth,  
The God of all,  
Is not a God of graft and greed.

An eye for an eye,  
A tooth for a tooth,  
When we have  
Such a short time here,  
No! we better give love  
And add to our store  
Of faith, hope and cheer.

Forgiveness and love,  
With kindness of thought,  
For all who dwell here below—  
From our God, the earth,  
The God of all  
Are His teachings, we all know.

If we keep the law,  
Obey all commands  
From high Forces above—  
Know the God of the earth,  
The God of all  
Is the God of Infinite Love!

So forget the old Mosaic law;  
Its teachings were never  
Meant for you!  
You live in a day  
When the world needs love,  
From hearts kind and true.

So the time that is yours  
To help or to hurt  
To the life loaned to you be true.  
Teach it kindness, first;  
Then forgiveness and love,  
And all things will come to you.

## THE GIFT OF THOUGHT

Oh, wonderful  
Power of thought ;  
A gift from the God on high ;  
To every soul who seeks  
Shall find life.  
We never die,  
Death is only a word,  
For life is eternal.  
And you  
Must teach the thought  
(That is part of the life)  
The power of will, so true !

Now the power of thought  
Will not find success  
If it must stand alone.  
It must be supported  
By the power of will  
Till the life shall atone  
For every wrong :  
Both in thought and deed  
To yourself and others too.  
For wrong thoughts,  
As well as wrong deeds,  
Will keep your life untrue.

Let your thought be pure ;  
Let your deeds be kind.  
For the power to think and do

Is given to all.  
So use your gift,  
It's a gift that was meant for "You."  
When first a thought  
Begins to dawn,  
Strengthen it with your will,  
And as each thought is born,  
Nourish it till it grows strong  
And has the power to say, "I Will."  
For not until  
Thought and will  
Walk hand in hand,  
Will you become a man!

For thoughts are things,  
But the will makes them so.  
And to all this power is given :  
For if the thought is pure  
And your deeds are kind,  
You are filling your storehouse  
In Heaven.

So think your own thoughts:  
Let no one say  
What you should think  
In your Soul today.  
It is yours to teach,  
So to yourself be true.  
No one is responsible  
To the life, but you !



## A LONGING

Could I once more speak  
To my friends on earth,  
And tell them how thoughts  
Good and strong  
Would heal broken hearts,  
And heal broken minds,  
And blot out all wrong—

Had I known the things  
That I tell to you—  
If someone had whispered to me  
That right thoughts give health,  
And right thoughts give wealth,  
And to all these thoughts are free—

Oh! the joy it gives me  
From out of space  
To speak to my friends thru you,  
For you make conditions  
So I can come  
With my message of love so true.

So each day I'll give you a message,  
And I'll give you the courage to tell  
How the power of thought  
Many souls has bought,  
And there is no such place as hell.

So help rescue  
Our kind and loving God  
From this thing

They have placed at His door:  
For His love for man  
He spreads o'er the land,  
And will live forever more.

He is a God who knows no wrath:  
His teachings are forgiveness and love.  
He never made you—  
He never made me—  
To banish from a home above.

'Tis true (as we know),  
He made a law—  
You must love others  
As you wish them to love you.  
You must be kind  
To all you find,  
And live a life that's true.

Keep this law of balance  
Made by Him.  
Teach your life to obey all commands,  
Then think your own thoughts,  
Let love be your guide,  
And you'll find Heaven then,  
Heaven here on earth,  
If you wish it so.  
No need to wait to pass on,  
For His word holds true,  
And the thought will too,  
Good thoughts (forget the wrong).

All nature speaks  
Of a loving God,  
For it is all just a part of the whole.

The same old story  
Of truth and love,  
The story the Nazarene told.

So we would like to know  
Who made this hell?  
That's been taught far and wide;  
Certainly not the Son of God,  
Who came on earth to abide  
For a little time,  
Just to show to all  
How thoughts good and kind  
Would heal the sick,  
Make the lame to walk  
And open the eyes of the blind.

So let us learn a lesson from Him:  
Let your thoughts be kind and true.  
And always do unto others  
As you would have them do to you.  
Then in your heart and life  
The result of good thought will tell,  
And you'll find  
You are living this life in Heaven:  
So forget the teachings of hell!

For I say to you from my home above,  
Follow the teachings of the Nazarene  
And all things will be given unto you.  
Then you'll find joy supreme.

So I say  
Could I live on earth once more  
I'd spread thoughts of love o'er the land.  
And the Orthodox  
Would pack their grips  
And hide them away in the sand.

## WASTED YEARS

The days and weeks  
Go all too fast,  
When there is so much to do.  
For the longest life  
Is short at best,  
Don't waste the time given to you.

For the sorrow that comes  
From wasted years:  
The gloom, the tears,  
Must all be atoned for  
Before you will find  
Peace, joy and love sublime.  
Oh! how we wish  
We had known long ago  
The joy of service here below.

Had we known the joy  
A smile could give,  
To help some one to live:  
Or a word of cheer  
Spoken here or there,  
To chase away thoughts of fear  
For this little earth band,  
Why fear to live  
Here or some other land?

Here in the Kingdom of right,  
There in the Kingdom of light!

It matters not my friend,  
For there is no end.  
We must serve here on earth  
And in space above.  
But when service comes  
From a heart of love,  
There will be no tears  
Over wasted years.

## THE DARK HOUR

Just when the way seems darkest,  
Not a ray of light to be seen—  
And your soul is bowed in sorrow,  
Not even a tiny sunbeam  
Can shine thru the clouds so heavy,  
To brighten your lonely way—  
Remember it is always the darkest  
Just before peep of day.

“My burden is heavy,  
I can bear no more,”  
Is never quite safe to say—  
For the burden we feel  
We could never endure,  
We may be called on to bear today.

So cultivate a grateful, contented mind  
No matter what the situation may be:  
In the darkest condition  
To look for some light,  
And be thankful  
For what you can see.  
For the mind, like the body,  
Can be trained to see gloom,  
Even tho the sun is shining bright:  
You forget all your blessings,  
You refuse to see day  
But only the gloom and the night.

The silver lining  
That's behind every cloud  
Is only waiting for day—  
So have faith and hope,  
For clouds pass on,  
But the silver lining will stay!

I have seen some clouds  
So thick and black—  
I felt they had come to stay:  
But in time they roll by,  
And now I know  
The dark hour is just before day.

## DADDY

My wonderful, wonderful Daddy,  
With hair as white as snow,  
I am wishing that I were near you  
For there are things I want to know.

You who are always ready to give  
To all from your bountiful store  
Of love and cheer and sympathy,  
No one could ask for more.

For love you give in plenty  
And cheer you spread far and wide.  
And the sympathy I could find today  
If I were at your side.

But miles and miles lay between us,  
And yet, I feel you so near—  
For the Infinite Thought has assured me  
You are sending me words of cheer.

You say, be brave and strong, dear,  
For I am helping you each day  
By sending you a loving thought  
To help you on your way.

Come pillow your head on my shoulder:  
Be my little girl once again  
And I will sing you a lullaby,  
To a soft and sweet refrain.



'Tis a long, lone road of trouble  
That we have travelled together,  
And you and I have seen some clouds,  
But lots of sunshiny weather.

So I am holding you in my wall of Thoughts,  
Though the Continent divide.  
I am giving you a kiss  
For you are at my side.

You who have paid your balance dear,  
Come rest in Daddy's arms  
The same as when a little girl,  
He'll shield you from all harm.

## THE CROSS IN MY HAND

The Cross in my hand  
Is a command  
To heal!  
To relieve the suffering and distressed,  
And I have all revealed.

The Cross in my hand  
Is a command  
To be kind!  
To teach love, sympathy and cheer  
For all time.

The Cross in my hand  
Is a command  
To be true!  
To be faithful in all things  
I am called to do.

So let me obey the command  
To heal, to be kind, to be true!  
For the Cross within my hand  
Tells me I have work to do.

## LOVELY NIGHT

There are those who say  
They love the day  
With the Sun shining  
Warm and bright:  
But for me,  
The stars and Moon  
Have a song they croon  
And I call it  
“My Lovely Night.”

For the moon-beams cold,  
Like the story old,  
Hides his face  
From his rival the Sun.  
And when he goes to rest,  
The Moon peeps from his nest,  
And seeing the day's work is done,  
He comes creeping so proud  
Thru the door of some cloud—  
To keep watch o'er the earth  
At night.  
For lovers all know  
He directs Cupid's bow,  
And he always aims  
Just right.

Then millions of stars  
Lend their twinkling light  
To this moon-beam up above—  
And they help him to sing

"My Lovely Night,"  
A night of joy and love!

Have you ever seen  
Two lovers dream  
In the sunshine,  
Warm and bright?  
No! they hide away  
From the Sun and day,  
And wait for the Moon  
And night.

Once this Moon  
On the third of June,  
When he was so wonderfully new—  
When a silver rim  
Was all to be seen of him,  
He directed an arrow so true,  
For by his side so near—  
A tiny star nestled there—  
Seemingly happy and bright:  
This star seemed to know  
Just how Cupid's bow  
Had made this her "Lovely Night."

To the Moon it meant  
He had been content;  
For to him the story  
Was old.  
But to the star so bright  
It was a happy night—  
And as much to the Moon  
She told.

All who may,  
Can have the Sun and day:  
But to me,       .  
The most wonderful sight  
Is this moon-beam proud,  
Peeping out from some cloud  
Making my "Lovely Night."

## TO MY LITTLE FRIEND

She was a dear little girl  
    With straight, red hair;  
And eyes so big and blue,  
    And a face so sweet—  
And a heart so big  
    And Thoughts so kind and true.

She made you feel  
    When near your side,  
(In her own little spiritual way)  
    That she had only come  
To visit the earth  
    And had never meant to stay.

So she found her way  
    Into many a heart  
Where she left her Thoughts of cheer.  
    And many of us  
Who are better today,  
    For her little visit here.

She had the deepest love  
    For things that were pink,  
In ribbons and dresses and hose.  
    And her fondness for flowers,  
The one she loved best  
    Was a beautiful big pink rose.

So I keep on my table,  
    That stands in my room

A bowl of pink flowers for cheer.  
And she visits with me,  
And little secrets we tell  
Of how she would like to come near

To the dear ones at home ;  
But their grief and their tears  
Hang like a veil between :  
While their Thoughts are true,  
But she wishes they knew  
That to die, is not as it seems.

So if they will stop grieving,  
And place on a stand  
A bowl of roses so pink,  
I'll visit them there  
And from out of space  
Will try to help them think.

For bright, happy Thoughts  
Helps the heart grow young,  
And are character builders too.  
So think of me here  
In a spirit of cheer,  
As a visit I made to you.

So spread good Thoughts,  
Bright, happy Thoughts.  
Help the old, sad world to see :  
For in as much  
As you give to them,  
You do it unto Me.

So dry your tears,  
And calm your fears.

For life is eternal you know.  
And Thoughts are things  
Both good and bad,  
And follow where ere you go.

So think loving Thoughts;  
Send them far and wide  
And they will always come back to you.  
And they will strengthen me here,  
And help you there  
In the work I have to do.

For my work is to visit  
The flowers everywhere,  
And give to them whispers of love.  
For their little life  
Is part of the Thought  
That is sent out from above.

So begin by thinking,  
Of the circle we make  
In the endlessness of time.  
Have good, wholesome Thoughts,  
The same loving Thoughts,  
And some day I know you will find.

That the Thoughts you sent out  
Have returned once again  
To fill all your days with cheer.  
And your memories of me  
Must be bright and true  
Before they will let me come near.

So now get the flowers,  
The pink rose I love best



And place on the stand in your room.  
And be happy and gay,  
And watch every day  
For I am going to visit you soon.

## FRIEND

What is a friend?  
How many do you find  
As you come and go each day?  
'Tis said, only one  
Comes to each of us  
As thru life we wend our way.

Now friendship, 'tis said,  
Is a much abused word,  
May be lightly spoken by you.  
But I know one  
Whom I have found,  
Always faithful and true.

She has big, grey eyes,  
And golden hair,  
And some dear, little freckles too:  
But a heart so big,  
Full of love for all,  
And a happy smile for you.

She spends much time  
Each day in thought,  
Searching for some one to cheer:  
And I know the life  
That's been loaned to her  
Has been taught love and kindness here.  
Her motto is love,  
Her watchword is truth

For all who pass her way.  
And this old world  
Is a better world  
For the life she is living today.

When our work here is finished,  
As it will be in time,  
One of us must pass on, and yet  
I know we will remember  
Our friendship here,  
My dear friend I call "Pet."

## SMILES

Do you know the joy  
That comes from a smile?  
Can you see the face  
Of a little child,  
And not receive  
From his smile so true,  
A lesson in faith  
Just meant for you?

Can you pass them by  
On a crowded street,  
Weary sad faces  
Of those you meet—  
And not smile a greeting  
To the face so sad,  
But just pass by—  
Would you still be glad?

Can you look at the flowers  
That bloom for all—  
The violet, the rose;  
The stately lily, so tall,  
And not smile a greeting  
Of thanksgiving to them?  
For remember, their life  
Is a part of Him!

Can you keep from smiling  
As you go your way,  
Receiving favors from others  
From day to day.

If you cannot smile,  
Then your soul is grown old—  
And what do you find

This life to hold?  
For 'tis certain that others  
Whom you see each day  
Will begin to shun you  
When you pass their way.

Now a smile costs nothing;  
It is easy to give—  
And will help all you meet,  
Their life to live.  
It will chase away sorrow,  
And to some hearts bring cheer.  
For often they have known  
Only sadness here.

So smile, it won't hurt—  
But will help you too!  
For what you send out  
Will come back to you.  
It may be a thought,  
May be love or a smile.  
But try passing them around  
Just for awhile.

Then watch how soon  
They respond to your cheer.  
Think of the joy  
One smile will leave here.  
For when you help others,  
You are just helping yourself.  
You can give and give  
But there will be some left;  
And the thing you leave here  
That will be worth while,  
Will be love and kindness  
That went with your smile.

## INFINITE REPRIMAND

A heart bowed down with sorrow,  
Trying to go all the way  
With the worries of tomorrow  
And burdens of today.  
Yesterday was a day well spent,  
All laws obeyed by you,  
And yet, weary you went to rest  
With the thought, "Have I been true?"

Will tomorrow bring me  
The things I've lost?  
Will the Infinite Thoughts above  
Return to give me their blessings?  
Return to give me their love?  
Ah! You with a faith so weak,  
Will you ever learn to say,  
Thy will, not mine be done  
On earth as in Heaven, today!

Now learn your lesson of trust,  
And remember you sometimes  
Need rest!  
So don't try to direct from your place below,  
For the Infinite Thought knows best.  
They watch o'er you day and night:  
You never are left alone.  
So forget the thought  
That you were untrue,  
For I say you have atoned.

And I will teach you  
A lesson in trust  
Each day as I walk by your side.  
So leave the cares of tomorrow alone  
And have faith  
In the love of your guide.  
Not once do I leave you,  
Night or day:  
For we will always travel together,  
Not for a week, a month, a year,  
But yesterday, today and forever!

## LIFE'S MIRROR

When you stand before your mirror,  
Do you see reflected there  
The face with a Soul behind it,  
Or just a fact that's fair?

Are you willing to admit the wrongs  
You have done in a business way?  
Or can you look yourself in the face  
And be truthful when you say,  
"I have kept the law of balance,  
And treated all mankind  
Just as I would have them do to me,  
And on my records you'll find  
Honesty, truth and love  
For all who have passed my way."

So I can stand before my mirror,  
And see more than a face today.













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